

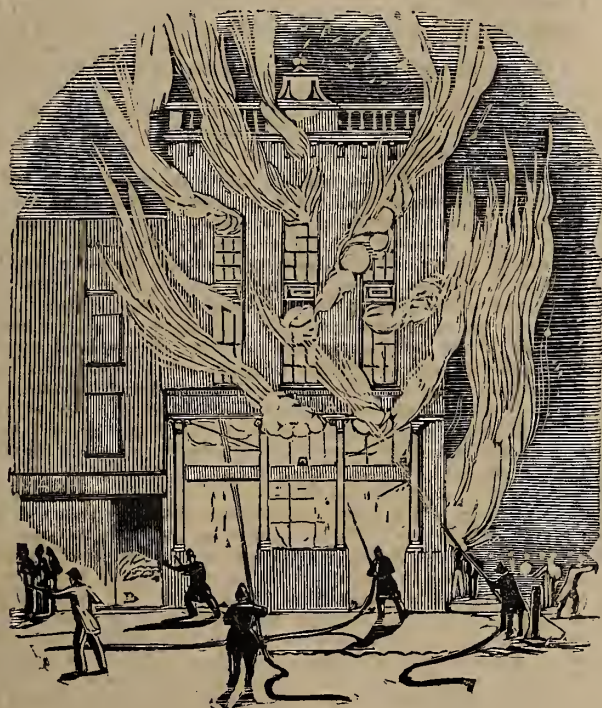
# Guide to Life.

No. XIII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1844.

PRICE 1½d.

## Pictures of London News.



### AWFUL DESTRUCTION OF THE GIN PALACE

In Oxford Street, on Saturday last; with a view also of the remains of the unfortunate maid servant and three infant children, who were consumed, with two other individuals in the flames.

**THE EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY ON ANIMALS AND PLANTS.**—Some persons are so susceptible of changes in the electricity of the atmosphere that they can tell when there is "thunder in the air" by the sensations they feel. Pains in the stomach are experienced by those who have partaken of such food or drink as the electric fluid can convert into a state of acidity, as readily as it can "turn the beer sour" in a barrel. The extremities of the body will sometimes display electric sparks during thunderstorms. Hamilton, in his work on Asia, says, "One of the most remarkable phenomena which I observed in Angora was the great degree of electricity which seemed to pervade everything. I observed it particularly in silk handkerchiefs, linen and woollen stuffs. At times when I went to bed in the dark, the sparks which were emitted from the blankets gave it the appearance of a sheet of fire; when I took up a silk handkerchief, the crackling noise would resemble that of breaking a handful of dried leaves or grass; and on one or two occasions I clearly felt my hands and fingers tingle from the electric fluid. I could only attribute it to the extreme dryness of the atmosphere, and momentary friction. I did not observe that it was at all influenced by wind; the phenomena were the same, whether by night or by day, in wind or calm. Not a cloud was visible during the whole of my stay." Some Englishmen on Mount Etna, in 1814, and Sir W. J. Hooker, when on Ben Nevis, in July, 1825, were very perceptibly effected by electricity during snow storms without thunder. Previous to lightning, cattle and

other animals, that are peculiarly sensitive to electric changes, become restless and seem uncomfortable. Franzius, an old naturalist, asserts that the hart is very frightened at thunder, that she never brings forth her young alive when there is thunder, and that at such times sheep are so alarmed that they cast their lambs from fright. Everybody knows that cats are greatly affected by electric changes in the weather. Seals appear to experience agreeable sensations during thunderstorms, for then they sit upon the rocks, and contemplate the convulsions of the elements with evident pleasure. M. d'Isjonval says, that frogs are affected by natural electricity. Eels are in great excitement and commotion during thunder storms. M. Derheim, of St. Omer, ascribes the almost sudden death of leeches at the approach of, or during storms, to the coagulation of their blood, caused by the impression of the atmospheric electricity. Cuvier says that the perch fears thunder.

The experiments of M. Peltier and M. Guillemin led them to conclude that electricity does not promote the growth of either animals or plants. This conclusion is at variance with other experiments and facts on record. M. Barie, of La Haye, has communicated to the French Academy of Sciences the remarkable growth of a poplar which had been struck by lightning. Some of its top branches were broken by the lightning, which ran along the trunk from the top to the bottom of the north side, without injuring the bark, went into the ground at the roots, and turned up two large masses of earth, each nearly a cubic foot in size. The tree at that



time measured one foot in circumference. The circumstance occurred in the middle of July, and in the following April the trunk had exactly doubled its size, while the trees close to it retained the same girth; and the sap flowed in such abundance as to force its way through the bark. M. Astier found that seeds after being electrified passed through the first stages of vegetation more rapidly than others, and that China roses submitted to this experiment produced flowers sooner and more abundantly. It is even stated, that if mustard and cress seed that has been immersed for two or three days in diluted oxymuriatic acid, be sown in a very light soil, and under a metallic cover in contact with an electric machine, germination will proceed so rapidly that the plants will be produced in a few minutes. The observations of an anonymous French experimentalist lead him to infer, that the leaves, hairs, and thorns of plants tend to maintain in them the requisite proportion of electricity; and, by drawing off from the atmosphere what is superabundant, they also act in some measure as thunder-rods or conductors.

It is also very easy to kill plants by means of electricity. Cavallo says, that the balsam soon dies after a very slight shock from a small Leyden phial, containing six or eight square inches of coated surface, and it may be as readily destroyed by electric sparks from the prime conductor of a large electrical machine. In a few minutes the plant droops, the leaves and branches become flaccid, and its life ceases. The charge of electricity by which these destructive effects are produced, is probably too inconsiderable to burst the vessels of the plant, or to occasion any material derangement of its organization; and, accordingly, it is not found, on minute examination of a plant thus killed, that either the internal vessels or other parts have sustained perceptible injury.

**PRAYERS OF THE CHURCH.**—A certain curate being desired by a sick person to introduce his name among those expressly prayed for in the service, demanded of him how it happened that when in health he never saw him at church, but found that he was always desirous of the prayers of good Christians when afflicted with disease.

"I will explain this matter to you," said the countryman: "When I have my health, the providing for my family and the cares of the world so thoroughly occupy my mind, that I really find neither time nor inclination to think of anything else, it is only when I am ill that I am devout." "How then can you be so unreasonable," said the ecclesiastic, "as to desire that I should take any step that would be likely to put religion and the thoughts of futurity out of your head? indeed I will do no such thing; either resolve to perform your religious exercises when in health, or continue sick and repentant, till you are brought to a sense of your duty."

That excellent seaman and gallant commander, Sir Edward Hawke, used to relate a short conversation he once heard between two boys, belonging to different ships: "Do you have prayers often on board your ship?" said Jack; "Always when there is a probability of rough weather," replied Tom. "Ay—there's some sense in that; but we have them regularly all the year round, in the finest weather, without a breath of air stirring, and when there's no more occasion for it"—he was interrupted by the whistle of the boatswain.

**SHOCKING SPECTACLE.**—An inhabitant of Paris, observing that a certain house was to be let, in which he had formerly heard that treasure was hidden, resolved to rent it; and having agreed with the proprietor, entered on the premises. Not willing to have many sharers if his hopes should be realized, nor to be laughed at in case of disappointment, he resolved that none but his own family, consisting of himself, his brother, his wife, and a little boy, should be acquainted with his motive for taking the house. Having cautiously and minutely examined every part above ground without success, they were of opinion that the object they sought for must be concealed in the bowels of the earth; providing themselves with pick-axes and spades, the whole party at day-break, three days after their arrival, descended into the cellar, and commenced their subterranean labour. A relation having called and knocked several times at the door, without hearing or seeing any one, and returning in the evening without success, he was considerably alarmed, and procuring assistance from the neighbours, forced open the door. On entering the house all was silent; they traversed the rooms, till a female, accidentally seeing a light appear through a crevice from the cellar, the persons present repaired thither, when strange to tell, they found the whole family dead, and rigidly fixed in the various attitudes produced by the business they were engaged in. This catastrophe is related by a Doctor Bernard Connor, in a Latin medical inaugural dissertation, which I have seen, I know not when nor where; he supposes it to have been produced by intense cold, or mephitic exhalation.

**ARTIFICIAL INCUBATION.**—Mr. Aplin, foreman of the silk manufactory in East Reach, Taunton, has recently tried a novel experiment, which has turned out very successful. A short time since, he placed sixteen hens' eggs in a warm situation in the steam-engine belonging to the factory, in order to raise chickens without the regular method of incubation. A large brood were hatched, and they are now in a thriving condition and likely to live.

**COMFORTS OF A NIGHT IN MEXICO.**—It was somewhere about midnight when I was awakened by an indescribable sensation of oppression from the surrounding atmosphere. The air seemed to be no longer air, but some poisonous exhalation that had suddenly arisen and enveloped us. From the rear of the ravine in which we lay, billows of dark mephitic mist were rolling forward, surrounding us with their baleful influence. It was the *vomito prieto*, the fever itself, embodied in the shape of a fog. At the same moment, and while I was gasping for breath, a sort of cloud seemed to settle upon me, and a thousand stings, like red-hot needles, were run into my hands, face, neck—into every part of my limbs and body that was not triply guarded by clothing. I instinctively stretched forth my hands and closed them, clutching by the action, hundreds of enormous mosquitos, whose droning singing noise now almost deafened me. The air was literally filled by a dense swarm of these insects; and the agony caused by their repeated and venomous stings was indescribable. It was a perfect plague of Egypt. Rowley, whose hammock was slung some ten yards from mine, soon gave tongue; I heard him kicking and plunging, spluttering and swearing, with a vigour and energy that would have been ludicrous under any other circumstances; but matters were just then too serious for a laugh. With the torture, for such it was, of the mosquito bites, and the effect of the insidious and poisonous vapours which were each moment thickening around me, I was already in a high state of fever, alternately glowing with heat and shivering with cold, my tongue parched, my eyelids throbbing, my brain seemingly on fire.

**NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE.**—With the promptitude and punctuality that has attended all the proceedings connected with this great work, the mass of Bank Buildings which concealed the principal or west front is being removed, and the portico, in all its splendid proportions will shortly appear. We understand that this portico is the largest by far in London, and that it is only second to the portico of the Pantheon at Rome, and the Madeline at Paris. It consists in front of eight Corinthian columns, the extreme breadth being ninety feet, and the height to the apex of the pediment seventy-six feet. The general proportions of this portico are exceedingly admired, and there appears but one feeling in the City, that the architect has succeeded in producing one of the finest works of the present age. The place of the statue of the Duke of Wellington, in front of the portico of the Exchange, will be about thirty yards back from the corner of Princes Street, and in the centre of the area created by the destruction of Bank Buildings.

In reflecting on these great changes, it is rather curious to recur to the state of things which existed in this spot not more than eighty years ago: at that time the Cornhill was a broad street, the houses (subsequently occupied by Bank Buildings) came up to a point, and Threadneedle Street is marked in Gwynn's Plan as only fourteen feet nine inches wide. The Bank of England was first built in 1732; it consisted then of what is now only the centre of the present building; but the proprietors soon after began to acquire ground and premises both east and west. Eastward they quickly bought the property up to Bartholomew Lane; but, westward, they were stopped by the church of St. Christopher le Stocks, which stood until after the riots in 1780, when, from a conviction of the danger of a lofty tower overlooking the Bank, an act was obtained for taking it down, and soon after that time all the principal front of the Bank was arranged and completed by Sir Robert Taylor up to the corner of Princes Street, then a crooked and narrow street leading to Coleman Street. Bank Buildings, about being removed, were built by the Bank, under the advice of the same architect, in the place of a mass of old houses, placed there after the fire of London, and which were bought by the directors for the purposes of the improvement.

Names of streets appear to have been improved, as well as streets themselves, for in the plan of Gwynn, before referred to, the continuation of Broad Street westward into Threadneedle Street is marked with the elegant name of "Pig Street," a name which, we believe, was abandoned about the date of these improvements.

**A MEXICAN VALLEY.**—There lay the valley in its tropical luxuriance and beauty, one sheet of bloom and blossom up to the topmost crown of the palm trees, that shot up, some of them, a hundred and fifty and a hundred and eighty feet high. Thousands and millions of convolvuluses, paulinias, bignonias, dendrobiums, climbing from the fern to the tree trunks, from the trunks to the branches and summits of the trees, and thence again falling gracefully down, and catching and clinging to the mangroves and blocks of granite. It burst upon us like a scene of enchantment, as we emerged from the darkness of the forest into the dazzling light and colouring of that glorious valley.

**IGNORANCE OF FEAR.**—A child of one of the crew of His Majesty's ship Peacock, during the action with the United States vessel, Hornet, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not in the least terrified by destruction and death all around him, he persisted, till a cannon ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat, when seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, "Now I've caught you."



## MEMOIRS OF MRS. ROBINSON,

MISTRESS OF GEORGE IV., WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

(Continued from our last, page 91.)

Among my female friends, those, for whom I entertained the strongest esteem, were Lady Yea, the wife of Sir William Yea, and the sister of Sir John Trevellyan, she was a lovely and accomplished woman;—Mrs. Parry, the wife of the Reverend Doctor Parry, and the author of *Eden Vale*, a novel, was also one of my most favourite acquaintances. Mrs. Parry was a woman of considerable talents, a wit, and of remarkably pleasing manners.

Of those who frequented our house Lord Lyttelton was most decidedly my abhorrence; I knew that he frequently led my husband from the paths of domestic confidence to the haunts of profligate debasement. Towards me his lordship affected great indifference; he has even in my presence declared, that no woman under thirty years of age was worth admiring; that even the antiquity of forty was far preferable to the insipidity of sixteen; and he generally concluded his observations by hoping he had not made “the pretty child angry.”

I soon discovered that his intercourse with Lord Lyttelton produced a very considerable change in Mr. Robinson's domestic deportment. They were constantly together, and the neglect which I experienced began to alarm me. I dedicated all my leisure hours to poetry; I wrote verses of all sorts; and Mr. Robinson having mentioned that I had proposed appearing on the stage previous to my marriage, in the character of Cordelia, Lord Lyttelton facetiously christened me the Poetess Corry.

It was with extreme regret, and frequently with uncontrollable indignation, that I endured the neglect of my husband and the tauntings of the profligate Lyttelton. “The child,” for so he generally called me, was deserted for the society of the most libertine men and the most abandoned women. Mr. Robinson became not only careless of his wife, but of his pecuniary finances; while I was kept in total ignorance as to the resources which supported his increasing expenses.

Among my other friends, Lady Yea frequently inquired by what means my husband supported his household disbursements. Our table was elegantly, though not profusely, served. Mr. Robinson seldom attended to his profession, and I was too young as well as too inexperienced, to look after family affairs. My younger brother George, whom upon my marriage Mr. Robinson and myself adopted as our own, now finding his health impaired, my mother attended him at Bristol; so that I had no friend to advise me, who felt any real interest in my welfare. Dress, parties, adulation, occupied all my hours. Mr. Robinson's easy temper was influenced by the counsel of his friend Lyttelton, and he every hour sunk more deeply in the gulph of dissipation.

Among the most dangerous of my husband's associates was George Robert Fitzgerald. His manners towards women were interesting and attentive. He perceived the neglect with which I was treated by Mr. Robinson, and the pernicious influence which Lord Lyttelton had acquired over his mind: he professed to feel the warmest interest in my welfare, lamented the destiny which had befallen me, in being wedded to a man incapable of estimating my value, and at last confessed himself my most ardent and devoted admirer. I shuddered at the declaration, for amidst all the allurements of splendid folly, my mind, the purity of my virtue, was still uncontaminated.

I repulsed the dangerous advances of this accomplished person; but I did not the less feel the humiliation to which a husband's indifference had exposed me. God can bear witness to the purity of my soul; even surrounded by temptations, and mortified by neglect. Whenever I ventured to inquire into his pecuniary resources, Mr. Robinson silenced me by saying that he was independent; added to this assurance, Lord Lyttelton repeatedly promised that, through his courtly interest, he would very shortly obtain for my husband some honourable and lucrative situation.

I confess that I reposed but little confidence in the promises of such a man, though my husband believed them inviolable. Frequent parties were made at his lordship's house in Hill-street, and many invitations pressed for a visit at his seat at Hagley. These I peremptorily refused; till the noble hypocrite became convinced of my aversion, and adopted a new mode of pursuing his machinations.

One forenoon Lord Lyttelton called in Hatton-garden, as was almost his daily custom, and, on finding that Mr. Robinson was not at home, requested to speak with me on business of importance. I found him seemingly much distressed. He informed me that he had a secret to communicate of considerable moment both to my interest and happiness. I started. “Nothing, I trust in heaven, has befallen my husband!” said I with a voice scarcely articulate. Lord Lyttelton hesitated. “How little does that husband deserve the solicitude of such a wife!” said he; “but,” continued his lordship, “I fear that I have in some degree aided in alienating his conjugal affections. I could not bear to see such youth, such merit, so sacrificed.”—“Speak briefly, my lord,” said I.—“Then,” replied Lord Lyttelton, “I must inform you, that your husband is the most false and undeserving of that name! He has formed a

connection with a woman of abandoned character; he lavishes on her those means of subsistence which you will shortly stand in need of.”

“I do not believe it,” said I, indignantly.—“Then you shall be convinced,” answered his lordship—“but remember, if you betray me, your true and zealous friend, I must fight your husband; for he never will forgive my having discovered his infidelity.” “It cannot be true,” said I; “you have been misinformed.”

“Then it has been by the woman who usurps your place in the affections of your husband,” replied Lord Lyttelton: “from her I received the information: her name is Harriet Wilmot: she resides in Soho: your husband daily visits her.”—“I thought I should have fainted: but a torrent of tears recalled the ebbing current of my heart, and I grew proud in fortitude, though humbled in self-love.

“Now,” said Lord Lyttelton, “if you are a woman of spirit, you will be revenged! I shrank with horror, and would have quitted the room. “Hear me,” said he. “You cannot be a stranger to my motives for thus cultivating the friendship of your husband; my fortune is at your disposal. Robinson is a ruined man; his debts are considerable, and nothing but destruction can await you. Leave him! Command my powers to serve you.”

I would hear no more—broke from him, and rushed out of the apartments. My sensations, my sufferings, were indescribable.

I immediately took a hackney coach and proceeded to Princess-street, Soho—Lord Lyttelton having given me the address of my rival. Language cannot describe what I suffered till I arrived at the lodgings of Miss Wilmot. The coachman knocked, a dirty servant girl opened the door. Her mistress was not at home, I quitted the coach and ascended to the drawing-room; where the servant left me, after informing me that Miss W. would return in a very short time. I was now left alone.

I opened the chamber-door which led from the drawing-room: a new white lustrous sacque and petticoat lay on the bed. While I was examining the room, a loud knocking at the street-door alarmed me. I re-entered the front apartment, and waited with a palpitating bosom till the being whose triumph had awakened both my pride and my resentment appeared before me.

[To be continued Weekly.]

**EFFECTS OF A LARGE DOSE OF ARSENIC TAKEN BY A LUNATIC.**—In the year 1838, a gentleman who had been insane two or three years, the cause of which was probably ill health from disorder of the digestive organs, acting upon a nervous temperament, took a teaspoonful of the white oxide of arsenic with a view of destroying himself. It was taken immediately after eating a hearty dinner, and washed down with a draught of water. Soon after, or within half an hour, he vomited freely, and in the course of the day a diarrhoea set in, which followed him a day or two. He then informed his medical attendant of what he had taken, and his regret and contrition at the act. All this time he experienced but little of what could be attributed to the poison; the diarrhoea was not attended with anything peculiar, he had eaten his usual meals with a tolerable relish, and complained of no unusual burning or pain in the stomach and bowels. Within a week or so he was taken with severe pains in his legs and arms, which he described as most excruciating; the sensation he compared to the gnawing of rats, or the boring of a gimlet into the bones: there was some swelling of the legs and feet, but no preternatural heat. After the pain had continued some days, a partial paralysis of the limbs was observed. He took various medicines, mostly of the anodyne class, with stimulating liniments and frictions, which were persevered in for a length of time. The paralysis, however, remained obstinate for months. The strychnine was finally given, and continued several weeks. The paralysis gradually left him, and he regained his health, and resumed his business as a merchant. But what was most curious to the physician, and to the patient of the most importance, was the complete restoration of his reason, and ultimately his health. Previous to his insanity he was of a reserved and cautious disposition,—was taciturn, diffident, and exemplary in his conduct,—was on the point of contracting an eligible engagement,—his pecuniary circumstances were unembarrassed. Yet all at once he became talkative, boisterous, and mirthful. Entered into speculations, contracted for farms and property which he did not want, supposed himself in possession of immense sums of money, and that his speculations would conduct him to boundless wealth. He insisted upon his marriage immediately—invited every body he saw to attend his wedding. His marriage finally took place, as his friends imagined it might be a means of restoring him, or an exasperation of his malady a result of his wishes being thwarted. But these palmy days of ideal wealth and splendour soon wore away, and he sank down a gloomy, desponding, and dejected lunatic, unfit for business or society. He was, however, harmless, and lived with his wife for two or three years, attending to no business. He was in this state when he took what he imagined to be his last dose, but which in all probability was the means of restoring him to reason. Since that period, there has been no signs of insanity, and his health has been good since the removal of the paralysis from his limbs. He has resumed his business as a merchant, and conducts it judiciously and with success.





A BOX AT THE OPERA.



RETURNING FROM THE OPERA.



MDLLE. CERITO in the Shadow Dance, in the Ballet of Ondine.



CARLOTTA GRISI IN LA ESMERALDA.

All lovers of graceful agility, or, in other words, elegant dancing, will regret to hear that Carlotta Grisi is about to depart from, or has already left our shores. The following tributary lines we believe will express the general loss or lessening of enjoyment which is experienced by her absence.

#### MDLLE. CARLOTTA GRISI.

"And will *she* not come again?"—SHAKESPEARE.

Farewell! farewell! Terpsichore's daughter!  
 Buoyant, and graceful, and free—  
 Ne'er did more beauty come over the water  
 Than we have worshipp'd in thee!  
 Light be thy heart as thy own reckless bounding,  
 Ne'er may it sorrow or sigh;  
 But while the world with thy fame is resounding,  
 Turn the sweet light of thine eye  
 Back to that island where many regret thee,  
 Many who think thee the *first*—  
 Who, if they see thee not, ne'er will forget thee,  
 But keep in their memory nurs'd  
 "The form of a grace with the mind of a muse,"  
 A sylphid they lov'd and unwilling to lose!

#### ON LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Talk not of Love! it gives me pain—  
 For Love has been my foe:  
 He bound me in an iron chain,  
 And plunged me deep in woe!

But Friendship's pure and lasting joys  
 My heart was formed to prove—  
 The worthy object be of those,  
 But never talk of Love.

The "Hand of Friendship" I accept—  
 May honour be our guard,  
 Virtue our intercourse direct,  
 Her smiles our dear reward!

Your thought, if Love must harbour there,  
 Conceal it in that thought,  
 Nor cause me from my bosom tear  
 The very friend I sought.—Poems by Clarinda.





**Discovery of the Bones of the Two Princes in the Tower ;**  
Particulars of which will be given in our next.

**GAMBOLS OF GREENWICH FAIR.**—Notwithstanding the great increase this year of the means introduced for the amusement of holiday folks, this old-established and favourite scene of recreation appears to have lost none of its wonted attractions, at least if the number of visitors may be taken as a test. At an early hour in the morning the town presented a much greater degree of bustle and activity than is usual for an Easter-Monday, in consequence of the extremeness of the weather. The attractions of the fair itself are of the general character, although perhaps not so numerous and varied as on former similar occasions, owing chiefly to the favour in which Stepney fair is now held; but the Park seemed to be the great rendezvous, and thousands made their way there without going to the fair at all. Never before did the river present such a scene at Eastertide. There are upwards of forty steam-boats engaged in the conveyance of passengers between the different piers in London and Greenwich, which started every ten minutes during the day. These were all crowded to excess (many of them dangerously so) from early in the morning till late at night. Indeed so vast was the concourse of persons anxious to go by water, that hundreds at almost every pier from Westminster to the Thames Tunnel were compelled to wait from one to two hours before they could get a chance of finding standing room in either of the boats. Neither were they more fortunate at the railways, for although the trains both on the Greenwich and Blackwall lines, ran every quarter-of-an-hour, the stations were besieged as the day advanced, and every carriage was filled with as many as it could possibly hold, and great numbers, after waiting till their patience was tired, resolved upon tramping down, despairing of getting a ride down at all.

The coaches, omnibuses, go-carts, and other road conveyances were also extensively patronized, and never within human recollection, it is said, were there so many people at Greenwich on Easter Monday.

With the exception of a few casualties of no serious consequence, we have not heard of any accident occurring.

**ANASTASIA ROBINSON**, an opera-singer in the reign of Queen Anne, and afterwards wife of Lord Peterborough, who is said to have rode more miles, and to have killed more post-horses than any traveller in Europe. The military veteran, first attracted by the melody of her tones and the charms of her person, conceived, as is the case with too many of her profession, that she could not resist flattery, presents, and attentions, when accompanied with a recommendation, to females generally irresistible, the reputation of a conqueror, which he had attained by his rapid but unavailing success in Spain. His illicit purposes were however suspected, and happily counteracted by the prudent forethought of the lady and the affectionate vigilance of her parents. But in this clandestine attempt, so much goodness of heart and unaffected modesty were discovered, that the peer could not help persuading himself, that Miss Robinson was qualified to make him happy as a wife. He well knew that

such a step (particularly at his age, for he was thirty years older than Anastasia) would not fail raising a laugh at his expense; and though he had faced danger and death in their most terrific forms without fear, he shuddered at the idea of being ridiculous.

How many of us, in situations far more trying and momentous, have yielded to the same infatuating dread; and for want of a grain of firmness, which would enable us to defy the insidious taunts of knaves, and the unmeaning laugh of fools, how many of us have shipwrecked our fortunes and destroyed our peace! But the magic impressions of beauty, youth, and innocence, were not to be effaced from the old man's heart by prudence or by pride; after a long struggle he resolved to make some sacrifice to both, by the romantic but awkward expedient of a private marriage, to which the lady and her friends consented with reluctance. Wedded, but still retaining her maiden name, she lived many years with Lord Peterborough, but naturally felt a degree of degradation, though not of infamy, in thus submitting to the solicitudes of matrimony, always aggravated, and sometimes embittered by an *old* husband, without at the same time enjoying the pre-eminence and other little allowable distinctions of a Countess. Perceiving and feeling for her situation, the earl, with a gallantry which has been considered as characteristic of his profession, determined that nothing should be wanting to complete the happiness of the woman he loved. An early opportunity was taken,

during the season at Bath, for the servant, previously instructed to announce that Lady Peterborough's carriage was waiting, when without further ceremony she received the congratulations of the company.

**THE STEAM ENGINE.**—Talk of political revolutions; they are nothing to the revolutions of science. Amid the roar of a conflict which shook Europe, the ancient dynasty of France fell prostrate, crumbled with the ruins of its own Bastille. And now are new Bastilles being created—new forts erected—the tools with which tyranny will play a future game, where tyranny played its game of yore; the chains are again clanking on the people who once so nobly burst them. But there is no such reaction in the revolutions of science. The echo of the cheery hiss of the old tea-kettle, when the boy Watt sat dreamingly listening to it, is to be heard in the loud roar of the steam-pipe, rising often above the din of wind and waters, and proclaiming to both that a mighty power is battling with their fierceness.

Steam has made this old world of ours a new one. It makes ocean voyages pleasure trips: it binds cities together, literally with iron hands; it brings kingdoms into as close contiguity as parishes. What does it not do for man?—Services the most mighty and the most trivial. It hurries him across the Atlantic in ten days, and grinds coffee in grocer's shops; it has power enough to pump up volumes of water from the bowels of the earth, and delicacy enough to drive a shuttle and weave fine linen. Mighty as is its strength, the childhood of intellect can guide it. Up and down fly the huge beams and cylinders with a force that hundreds of horses would in vain crack sinew and muscle to control; and yet, let there be but the touch of a guiding lever—the stopping of a valve—demanding no more than a child's strength, and the vast moving fabric at once becomes motionless and passive—only, so many tons of wrought and hammered metal.

**THE METALLIC BALLOON.**—Guyton de Morveau, in 1784, revived the suggestion made by Lans in 1760, that a balloon made of copper could easily be formed for aerial navigation, and now in Paris is preparing a balloon under the auspices of M. Marey Monge, from which great things are expected. Sheets of copper soldered together by means of the flames of hydrogen gas form the great body. Dupuis Delcourt, an aeronaut of some experience, is to make the first trial. It is imagined that, as the constant diminution of gas which takes place in the silk balloon will not occur, the metallic machine will remain steadily in the air, and thus enable the aeronaut to acquire some knowledge as to the atmospheric currents which are prevalent.

#### FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heav'n knows,  
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;  
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,  
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.

T. MOORE.



**CASES OF MORAL MANIA.**—The case of Henriette Cornier, which occurred in Paris a few years since, in consequence of the imposing weight of medical opinions that were delivered on her trial, and of the discussions to which it gave rise in the various shapes of reports, newspaper criticisms, and elaborate treatises from some of the most distinguished physicians of that capital, has contributed, more than any other single event, to advance our knowledge of homicidal insanity. A case so celebrated deserves a particular notice here. The facts as they will now be related are contained in the indictment (*acte d'accusation*), which is given at length by Georget in his account of the trial.

Henriette Cornier, a female servant aged twenty-seven years, was of a mild and lively disposition, full of gaiety and remarkably fond of children. In the month of June, 1825, a singular change was observed in her character; she became silent, melancholy, absorbed in reverie, and finally sank into a kind of stupor. She was dismissed from her place, but her friends could obtain from her no account of the causes of her mental dejection. In the month of September she made an attempt to commit suicide, but was prevented. In the following October she entered into the service of dame Fournier, but there she still presented the melancholic and desponding disposition. Dame Fournier observed her peculiar dejection and endeavoured in vain to ascertain its cause; the girl would talk only of her misfortunes in losing her parents at an early age, and of the bad treatment she received from her guardian. On the 4th of November, her conduct not having been previously different from what it usually was, she suddenly conceived and immediately executed the act for which she was committed.

About noon her mistress went out to walk, having told Cornier to prepare dinner at the usual hour, and to go to a neighbouring shop kept by dame Belon, to buy some cheese. She had frequently gone to this shop and had always manifested great fondness for Belon's little girl, a beautiful child nineteen months old. On this day she displayed her usual fondness for it, and persuaded its mother, who at first was rather unwilling, to let her take it out for a walk. Cornier then hastened back to her mistress's house with the child, and laying it across her own bed, severed its head from its body with a large kitchen knife. She subsequently declared that while executing this horrible deed, she felt no particular emotion—neither of pleasure nor of pain. Shortly after, she said, the sight of the horrible spectacle before her eyes brought her to herself, and she experienced some emotions of fear, but they were of short duration. At the end of two hours, during which time she had remained chiefly in her own chamber, dame Belon came and inquired for her child, from the bottom of the staircase. "Your child is dead," said Henriette. The mother who at first thought she was only in jest, soon became alarmed, and pushed forward into the chamber, where she witnessed the bloody sight of the mutilated fragments of her child. At that moment, Cornier snatched up the head of the murdered child, and threw it into the street, from the open window. The mother rushed out of the house, struck with horror. An alarm was raised; the father of the child and the officers of justice, with a crowd of persons entered the room. Henriette was found sitting on a chair near the body of the child, gazing at it, with the bloody knife by her, her hands and clothes covered with blood. She made no attempt to escape, nor to deny the crime; she confessed all the circumstances, even her premeditated design and the perfidy of her caresses, which had persuaded the unhappy mother to entrust her with the child. It was found impossible to excite in her the slightest emotion of remorse or grief; to all that was said, she replied, with indifference, "I intended to kill the child." When closely and earnestly interrogated, as to her motives for committing this dreadful act, she replied that she had no particular reason for it; that the idea had taken possession of her mind, and that she was destined to do it. When asked why she threw the head into the street, she answered that it was for the purpose of attracting public attention, so that people might come up to her chamber and see that she alone was guilty. The nature of her extraordinary replies, the want of motives for such an atrocious deed, the absence of every kind of emotion, and the state of stupor in which she remained, fixed the attention of the medical men who were called in, and impressed them, with the belief that she was mad. On the examination before the magistrate she confirmed the above statements respecting her mental condition, adding, among other things, that she had been unhappily married seven years before; that she attempted to drown herself, because she was cunnied at changing her place of service so often; that she knew her crime deserved death and she desired it.

She was tried for the first time, on the 27th of February, 1826. She then appeared to be in a state of great nervous irritation; her lips trembled; her eyes were fixed; and her understanding was dull and stupid. A few days previously, the court, at the request of her counsel, appointed a medical commission, consisting of Adelon, Esquirol, and Lévêillé, to examine the accused and all the documents of the case, and report on her "actual moral state." Accordingly they reported that they were unable to detect any sign or proof of mental derangement; but added that it is extremely difficult, in some cases, to establish the existence of insanity, it requiring a long intimacy with the individual and numerous opportuni-

ties of watching him under every variety of circumstance, none of which they had possessed in this case. In fine, they reported that though they could not adduce any positive proof of her insanity, yet they were equally unable to pronounce her sane.

This report not being satisfactory, the trial was postponed to another session, and the prisoner was sent to the Salpêtrière to be observed by the above named physicians. After recapitulating their observations which were continued three months, they came to the following conclusions: "First, that during the whole time Cornier was under examination, from the 25th of February to the 3d of June, they had observed in regard to her moral state great mental dejection, extreme dulness of mind, and profound chagrin; secondly, that the actual situation of Cornier sufficiently explains her moral state, and thus does not of itself indicate mental alienation either general or partial." They also added that it was due to the cause of justice and to their own conscience, to declare that their judgment of her actual moral condition could not be considered final, if it were proved, as stated in the *acte d'accusation*, that long before the 4th of November, the character and habits had changed; that she had become sad, gloomily, silent and restless; for then that which might be attributed to her present situation, could be only the continuation of a melancholic state that had existed for a year.

Cornier was again brought to trial on the 24th of June, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty of "committing homicide voluntarily but not with premeditation;" and accordingly she was sentenced to hard labour for life.

Dr. Otto has published the case of Peter Nielsen, a joiner, aged forty-seven years, who drowned four of his seven children. He appears to have experienced some misfortunes, but was not in positive want of the necessities of life at the moment when he committed the horrid deed. Many persons, who conversed with him on the same day both before and after the transaction, testified that he was not intoxicated, nor the least agitated in mind. He was, on the contrary, placid and tranquil. No domestic altercations, of any moment, had occurred, but he was disconcerted at not readily getting a new lodging on being turned out of that which he previously occupied. His love to his children was testified to by all. He confessed that the idea of killing his children came into his head on the morning of the day that he put the idea into execution, and that the impulse was quite irresistible. He determined to drown the three younger boys and spare the daughter who was older. But she insisted on accompanying her father and brothers in the walk he proposed, and though he endeavoured to persuade her to return, she would not. He averred that his motive for destroying the boys was the fear of not being able to maintain them; whereas he would have spared the girl, not because he loved her more, but because she was better able to maintain herself. Having arrived at a turf-pit, he first embraced his children, and then pushed them all into the water. He stood by unmoved and saw them struggle and sink. He then returned quietly to the town and told what he had done. He was led back to the turf-pit, and beheld the dead bodies of his children without evincing any emotion. For a moment he wept when he saw the bodies opened (for the purpose of medico-legal proof of the kind of death), but soon regained his tranquillity. He affirmed that he did not destroy his offspring in order to procure happiness for them in heaven, nor from any desire to be put to death himself, as he wished to live.—*Ray on Insanity.*

**THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.**—The land once the boast of chivalry, the discoverer of new worlds, the golden mine from which wealth was distributed over the world, presents an aspect hideous to the eye of the philosopher, the statesman, or the lover of literature. Each fresh announcement from that ill-fated country brings with it some fresh intelligence which is grating to the feelings of those who are anxious for the promotion of human happiness. Spanish literature is abandoned by those whose intellectual powers gave a promise of its restoration for the path of politics, whose track is smeared with the blood of the brave. Shut out, as it were, from European connexion, we look in vain for a gleam of hope that poetry, history, or the drama will revive amongst a people once so capable of estimating all that was excellent in science or in art. The royal libraries of Madrid, the gallery of paintings, the botanic gardens, all contain objects which, at the present moment, would furnish light upon the past events of the world. Many of the works of the great masters, which were collected whilst Spain bore such an influence in Europe, by Charles and Philip, are left unnoticed and neglected in the Escorial, whilst the splendid productions of the native artists are held in little veneration. In the libraries are manuscripts and paintings from the New World which would be invaluable, whilst in the botanic gardens are many of the earliest specimens of the plants which were imported from Mexico, Peru, and Chili. Most of those who have visited the Escorial have heard the boast of the monks, that they possess greater curiosities than are to be found in any establishment, and yet the very names of what they have are unknown. We are glad, however, to learn that, amid the horrors of war, some attempts are to be made to rescue some of the objects of greatest value from oblivion, and that a catalogue



is about to be given to the world of all that is contained within that wondrous receptacle which is at once a palace, a cathedral, a monastery, and the repository of those who have passed away.

The Escorial is seldom visited by the reigning monarch, Aranjuez being preferred by almost every one of those who have sat upon the throne, the present Queen exhibiting the same predilection for it as her ancestors. She has, indeed, shown somewhat of a distaste to the old palace; this might be expected from one so young, to whom gloomy grandeur presents few charms. There is, however, close to this magnificent structure a smaller palace, remarkable for its beauty and for its decorations, some of its tapestry representing the bull fights and the peculiar amusements of Spain with the utmost fidelity, and at the same time executed with singular beauty. Some of the Mexican paintings preserved in the Escorial were examined by Washington Irving, but he has made little or no use of them, even in his works of fiction. Robertson only alludes to the different objects preserved in the Royal Library. To whom the examination of the treasures is to be committed is not yet decided. The monks who reside within the walls are of a higher order than those who are usually shut out from the world, but are not of that intellectual order which once deservedly gained such reputation. The Jesuits have done more for classical knowledge than any other of the different orders, and they disseminated widely the most valuable information, especially during the period of the first discovery of the New World; and if they had done nothing but introduce the Cinchona bark (Peruvian bark) into the world, they would have merited the highest approbation. The inhabitants of Madrid are by no means easily biased; they form a rapid judgment, often a correct one; and when once an idea pervades the mass, it is of exceeding difficulty to alter it. The Dowager Queen gave but an indifferent education to the present Queen, who appears naturally to have but a small intellect, which is said to be aided by that low cunning for which Ferdinand was remarkable. She is also said to be as uncertain in her choice of favourites, and that she is no more to be depended on than he was. Instances to show this in the choice of her youthful friends, her amusements, her studies, have not been wanting, so that there exists no great predilection for her; we must, however, wait the coming on of time, nor judge of a character that cannot yet be formed, but which must be developed as circumstances arise to exhibit her in that light in which she should be seen.

**LUMINOSITY OF PLANTS.**—At about eight o'clock, during three successive evenings in May, 1831, some gentlemen remarked, in a garden at Great Marlow, Buckinghamshire, that a beautiful light appeared over the corolla of a full-blown eastern poppy (*Papaver orientale*), at intervals of about ten minutes, sometimes encircling the whole of the corolla, and sometimes seen only at points of the petals. In the tuberose (*Polianthes tuberosa*) a similar fact has been observed; and a species of spurge has been called *Euphorbia phosphorea*, from its emitting a light, supposed to be of a phosphoric nature.

Mr. W. J. Smith, librarian to his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, relates the following interesting fact in a letter to the Rev. Dr. Buckland, who has kindly transmitted it to me, together with a comment on it by Dr. Daubeny, Professor of Botany at Oxford. About ten years ago, Mr. Smith and Captain Nevill remarked, during an extremely dark summer's evening, and while there was a heavy fall of rain, with occasional flashes of lightning, that a large bed of evening primroses (*Oenothera*), then in full flower in front of the manuscript library at Stowe, was the only object that could be distinguished in the dark. This bed of flowers seemed as one blaze of phosphorescent light, but it was not ascertained whether the leaves as well as the flowers were luminous. That the two observers saw light on the flower-bed cannot be questioned; but it may be asked whether the light was really phosphorescent. On this point, Dr. Daubeny says, "I have some doubts whether living plants possess phosphorescence. If they had that property we might expect it to occur oftener." Yet M. Mornay says he noticed in Brazil a phosphorescent plant of the family *Centortæ*.

From the observations of Professor Lestiboudois it seems that the luminosity of the fraxinella is owing to a very different cause than electricity or phosphorescence. "In hot seasons," says he, "the flower of the fraxinella emits an inflammable vapour so abundantly that, if a lighted candle be brought near it in the evening, it catches fire, but without suffering any injury." Mr. Dovaston says its exhalation blazes beautifully. Probably the fraxinella is identical with the plant *Aproxis*, which Zoroaster and Pythagoras mention as blazing at "the sight of fire." Mr. John Denson having examined some fraxinella plants and applied a light to their somewhat resinous flowers, convinced himself that it is no gaseous exhalation which ignites, but merely particles of oil or resin which the heat of the day has caused to exude from the ducts or glands of the calyx, &c. On applying the flame close to the flowers they immediately ignited. This phenomenon is also alluded to in Darwin's 'Botanic Garden.'

"Slow o'er the twilight sands or leafy walks,  
With gloomy dignity, *Dictamnna* stalks;  
In sulphurous eddies round the weird dame  
Plays the light gas, or kindles into flame."

Mungo Park's account of the fang-jany, a plant of the genus *Pandanus*, is perfectly correct, for its maturity is announced by an explosion, accompanied by fire, which is apt to communicate to other substances near it. In the Spanish Indies the name of *Pala-de-luz*, lighted box, or wood of light, is bestowed on a plant commonly ten feet high, and of which it is asserted that if a twig be torn roughly off it, the stalk immediately emits a flame equal to that of a flambeau or torch. This appears less incredible since the discovery of natural heat in plants generally by Dutrochet, and particularly in the *Caladium pinnatifidum* by Schultz.

Potatoes kept in a cellar, and in a growing state, sometimes become so luminous that print may be read by their light. An extraordinary kind of root called *barras*, is said to grow in a valley of that name near Mount Lebanon, and Josephus describes it as being luminous in the night. The other properties he ascribes to it coincide with the droll stories respecting the famous mandrake root. Dr. Brewster found, while examining some plants of the genus *Chara*, whose structure contains a great portion of carbonate of lime, that they were phosphorescent when laid upon heated iron, so as to display their entire outlines in the dark.

Several species of fungi occasionally impart a phosphorescent appearance to the caverns and mines in which they happen to abound. The coal-mines near Dresden seem like enchanted caverns, owing to the beautiful and dazzling light which is diffused by fungi of the genus *Rhizomorpha*, which entirely cover the subterranean roofs, walls, and pillars. Mr. Bowman has described "a golden-green light," which Professor Hooker attributes to a little moss (*Schistostega pennata*) while in its infant state. Mr. Babington had noticed that its presence in caverns and dark places in the south of England, imparted a peculiar bright appearance to them; but the light of this moss has been discovered by Professor Lloyd to be attributable to the presence of small crystals in its structure, and which reflects the smallest portion of the rays of light. *Philolaca decandra* and *Dematium violaceum* are also luminous.

**SINGULAR BEQUEST.**—Richard Dovey, of Farmcote, in the parish of Claverly, in Shropshire, by deed, in 1659, gave houses and land in that parish, on trust, for the maintaining of a school and certain cottages adjoining to the churchyard of Claverly; and directed that the feoffees should place a poor man in one of the cottages, and pay him eight shillings yearly, for which he should undertake to awaken sleepers and whip out dogs from the church of Claverly during divine service.

#### FORGET THEE?

Forget thee?—if to dream by night and muse on thee by day,  
If all the worship, deep, and wild, a poet's heart can pay,  
If prayers in absence, breath'd for thee to Heaven's protecting power,  
If winged thoughts that flit to thee a thousand in an hour,  
If busy fancy blending thee with all my future lot,  
If this thou call'st forgetting, thou, indeed shalt be forgot!  
Forget thee?—Bid the forest birds forget their sweetest tune;  
Forget thee?—Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon;  
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew,  
Thyself forget thine "own dear land," and its mountains "wild and blue,"  
Forget each old familiar face, each long remembered spot,  
When these things are forget by thee, then thou shalt be forgot.

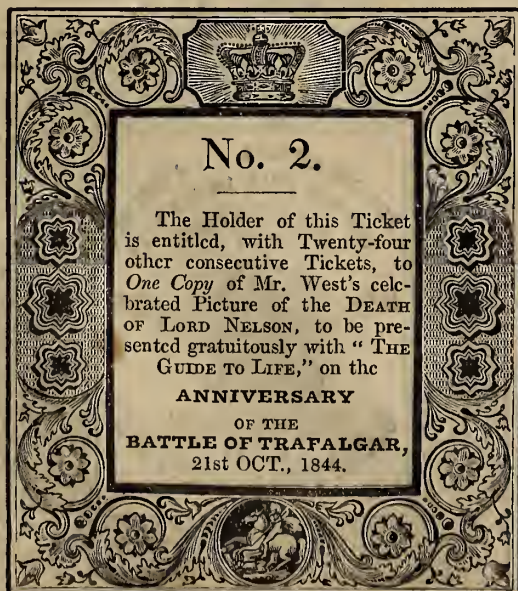
#### TICKET, No. 2.





**ANOTHER JACK SHEPPARD.**—There is at present in Portsmouth gaol a young man, named John Smith *alias* George Baker, whose deeds as a burglar, though not so extensive in their nature, are quite on a par as regards management with those performed, or rather alleged to have been performed by the Ainsworth immortalised Jack Sheppard. This candidate for government patronage is by trade a bricklayer, and apparently about nineteen years of age, slim in make, with a small head and hard features, with a simplicity of expression, which, but for the strongest evidence, would go far towards impressing an ordinary jury with an opinion of his incapacity for the performance of such deeds as we are about to mention. His first exploit in this locality was breaking into the house of a clothes salesman, named Byerly, situate in Hanover Street, Portsea. This he accomplished on the evening of the 5th of March (Sunday), by removing some bricks in a very systematic and workman-like way from the outer wall of the dwelling; the hole thus made led into a passage communicating with the shop. But the thief was not rewarded with a rich booty—merely a few articles of wearing apparel and carpenter's tools, with which he got clear off, notwithstanding the bundle they formed was a very large one. He decamped to Southampton, and there offered some of the articles for sale; but Southampton becoming uncomfortable, he returned to Portsmouth with some of the stolen articles from Byerly's on his person, which were recognised by a local police-officer, as those described by Byerly as having been stolen from his house. The prisoner was lodged in gaol, and brought up before the borough magistrates on Thursday, the 14th of March, when, the evidence being very conclusive, he was committed to take his trial at Winchester next assizes. On searching the prisoner at Portsmouth gaol, about 30s. in silver and halfpence were found upon him, which led the authorities to suppose that he had been robbing some till at Southampton during his short stay, which circumstance being published in a local paper, speedily brought two persons from Southampton, who recognised the prisoner at once as the man who had entered the house of Mr. Maurice Batchelor, called the Queen Charlotte, in Simnel Street, Southampton, on the night of the 10th of March. In this case the prisoner had secreted himself in the house, and remained concealed until the inmates were all gone to bed, when he stole forth, and after arming himself with a cleaver and a carving knife, proceeded to the till, which he broke open and emptied of its contents; he then collected what other property he could, with the assistance of the lantern which he found in the kitchen, and made good his escape. The money and property was the same as found upon him when captured by a local sub-inspector of police, who searched him. He was identified as the noted George Baker, who with three others, already in custody, have been the terror of the peaceable and loyal good men of the western part of Kent. They have committed no less than three burglaries, and one sacrilege, all in the neighbourhood of Lewisham. At one of the houses broken into, a booty of 200l. rewarded their desperate exertions; they broke open the Post Office, cut open the mail-bags, and scattered the letters about, and stole others supposed to contain money. The Portsmouth prisoner has also, in emulation of his celebrated prototype, made a bold stroke at an escape from the borough gaol.

### TICKET.



**THE WINGLESS BIRDS OF NEW ZEALAND.**—The researches of Captain Ross in the southern seas are likely to lead to a more intimate knowledge of the natural history of New Zealand and Australia. In the year 1839 there arrived in this country, from New Zealand, a fragment of the shaft of a bone of some unknown animal, supposed to have existed in those islands during the historical period. From this single relic, deficient in those terminal processes to which the zoologist looks for a clue to his researches into the probable forms and habits of extinct animals, Professor Owen inferred that this bone must have belonged to a struthious bird, about the size of an ostrich, but resembling the extinct dodo of the Mauritius. He noticed the long beak of this bird, resembling the bill of a woodcock, its legs, like those of a fowl, attached to a trunk like that of a cassowary; and then appealed against the reasoning which disputed the reality of the dodo's existence, because the same sort of body and legs was found on that bird united with a beak resembling a vulture. Mr. Owen stated, that, on visiting the Hague, he saw there a picture, painted soon after the Dutch had become possessed of the island of Mauritius, and in a corner of this picture was a figure of the dodo, extremely small, but so elaborately finished as to enable a zoologist to characterize its species. He referred to the recently discovered foot-prints of a bird similar to this gigantic wingless bird of New Zealand (to which he has given the name *Dinornis*) in the sandstone of Connecticut. With respect to the country from which these bones have been received, it appears to abound with fern, whose roots are rich in farinaceous substance, well calculated for the support of the kind of bird to which they are ascribed. When it is remembered that the only animal found in New Zealand at the time of its discovery by Europeans was a small species of rat, it seems extremely probable that this vast bird, having inhabited these islands, as it inhabited other remote countries before they were occupied by man, was destroyed by the first settlers, who then, as may be conjectured, having acquired a taste for animal food, and finding no other, took to eating one another. Mr. Owen illustrated his discourse by a figure of the *Dinornis*. Its height (which he supposes fourteen or fifteen feet from head to foot) was contrasted with that of the birds most nearly resembling it—the cassowary and the ostrich.

The following extracts from a late number of the *Adelaide Observer* may be acceptable:—

"Some bones of a gigantic bird were lately deposited in the Museum of Sydney, as a present from Mr. James Busby, of New Zealand. From the bones already sent, the bird must have been about fourteen feet high, but tremendously stout, and the condition of the bones is such as to make it far from improbable that the bird still exists.

The natives have a name for this bird, and traditions of its existence; and Mr. Williams's letter mentions a story of the captain and crew of an American vessel having seen a bird sixteen feet high, stalking one night along the side of a hill adjacent to the sea, but had not courage or curiosity enough to give chase. It is, therefore, probable that a living *Dinornis Nova Zelandiae* may be seen striding among the emus and ostriches in the Regent's Park.

Fossils of human ossified remains, of sizes ascribed to the antediluvian creation, and remarkable thicknesses, have recently been found scattered about in various parts of New Zealand."

### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

All Persons intending to secure a Copy of Mr. WEST'S MATCHLESS PICTURE OF

### THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON,

On board the "Victory," at Trafalgar, by means of the Subscription Tickets attached to the Weekly Numbers of *THE GUIDE TO LIFE*, are requested to give their immediate Orders for No. XII. April 6th, to which is appended the First Ticket of the series of Twenty-five Tickets; it is absolutely necessary to hold and produce to the Agents on the 21st of October next, the anniversary of The Battle of Trafalgar. Persons not entering their names during the present month of April will be *entirely excluded*, the benefit of the gratuitous presentation of this grand National Present, and will have to purchase the Plate separately at a very serious and considerable cost. The Proprietors having made this announcement in proper time, will not consider themselves responsible for the gift to any but those who are *bona fide* holders of the Twenty-five consecutive Tickets.

The present number of *THE GUIDE* is only a specimen of the great outlay, spirit, and enterprise, with which from Week to Week they are determined regularly to adorn their beautiful and novel publication. In proof also of which, Two distinguished Artists have already been engaged to accompany Her Majesty in her approaching Continental tour.

Subscribers forwarding faithful and original Pictures of News from the Country will have them paid for liberally if accepted,—and if rejected will be carefully preserved for them till called for at our Office.

The Back Numbers forming complete Sets to the *GUIDE*, may be had on application at the Office. Should any of them be out of Print, a reprint will be made of these Numbers every Three Months.

Guide to Life Office,

1, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

Printed and Published by F. A. WALKER, 1, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.